

South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul.

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PROSPECTUS

FOR THE

South Carolina Leader.

A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of Free Labor and general reform.

The Federal Government will be sustained at all hazards; and we hope that its ultimate policy towards this State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquility.

That self-evident truth, contained in the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," will be steadfastly adhered to.

In matters of local concern, it will give its earnest support to all important public measures and practical improvements.

While fearless in its advocacy of the Right, and frank in its denunciation of the Wrong, its columns will never be made a channel of coarse personal abuse. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.

In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

POETRY.

PEACE.

BY JOHN B. MORRISON.

Turn once more
To see the quiet way of peace,
And sheathe the sword,
Too long adored,
To pay that wrong and outrage cease.

Now let the pen
Resume again
Our mind and heart its regal sway,
To cure the blind,
To teach mankind
How, where, to find life's better way;

To right the wrong,
To swell the throng
Who know the right and dare maintain,
The fair and wide,
Our land and tide,
Justice and truth and peace shall reign;

Till men shall know
That they who sow
The seed shall reap the whirlwind fruit;
That right is might,
And truth is light
That bears no third substitute.

All history long
Has taught us wrong
Turned human weal to human woe,
And all the years
Are wet with tears
Of anguish in perennial flow;

And yet to-day
We sin the way
Of peace that lies through righteousness,
While God and truth
And love and truth
Can give no more, and take no less.

—American Baptist.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

[Extract from a Poem delivered before the Harvard Club at the Kappa Society at its last anniversary.]

See your prayers forget the martyred Chief,
Born for the gospel of your own belief,
Who mounted to the people's throne,
And for your prayers, and joined in them his own.

Behold the man. I see him, as he stands
With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
Kindly light within his gentle eyes,
And the fold in which his heart grew wise;
His lips half-darted with the constant smile
That kindled truth, but soiled the deepest guile;
His hand bent forward, and his willing ear
Ready to hear, right and wrong to hear;
And his purpose, yet not passionate,
And his people with a tender hand,
And won by love a sway beyond command,
Unmurmured by lot to mitigate a time
Benedict with rage, unscrupulous with crime,
And bore his mission with so meek a heart
That heaven itself took up his people's part;
When he faltered, helped him ere he fell,
And his efforts out by miracle.

Behold this man, by grace of God's intent;
Something better, freeman—President!
A man modeled on a higher plan,
And of himself, an inherent gentleman.

And ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay;
The good, it can afford to wait.

MISCELLANY.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Pride and humility are always relative terms. They imply a comparison of some sort with an object higher or lower; and the same mind, with actual excellence exactly the same, and the same comparative attainments in every one around, may thus be either proud or humble, as it looks above or looks beneath. In the great scale of society there is a continued rise from one excellence to another excellence, internal or external, intellectual or moral. Wherever we may fix, there is still some one whom we may find superior or inferior; and these relations are mutually convertible as we ascend or descend. The shrub is taller than the flower which grows in its shade; the tree, than the shrub; the rock, than the tree; the mountain, than the single rock; and above all are the sun and the heavens. It is the same in the world of life. From that Almighty Being who is the Source of all life, to the lowest of His creatures, what innumerable gradations may be traced, even in the ranks of excellence on our own earth! Each being higher than that beneath, and lower than that above; and thus, all to all, objects at once of pride or humility, according as the comparison may be made with the greater or with the less.

Of two minds, then, possessing equal excellence, which is the more noble?—that which, however high the excellence attained by it, has still some nobler excellence in view, to which it feels its own inferiority; or that which, having risen a few steps in the ascent of intellectual and moral glory, thinks only of those beneath, and rejoices in an excellence which would appear to it of little value if only it lifted a single glance to the perfection above? Yet this habitual tendency to look beneath, rather than above, is the character of mind which is denominated "pride;" while the tendency to look above, rather than below, and to feel an inferiority, therefore, which others perhaps do not perceive, is the character which is denominated "humility." Is it false, then, or even extravagant, to say that humility is truly the nobler; and that pride, which lights in the contemplation of a degree of excellence, is truly itself more abject than that meekness of heart which is humble because it has greater objects, and which looks with reverence to the excellence that is above it, because it is formed with a capacity of feeling all the worth of that excellence which it receives?

The accomplished philosopher and man of letters, to whom the great names of all who have been eminent in ancient and modern times, in all the nations in which the race of man has risen to glory, are familiar, almost like the names of those with whom he is living in society,—who has thus constantly before his mind images of excellence of the highest order, and who, even in the hopes which he dares to form, feels how small a contribution it will be in his power to add to the great imperishable stock of human wisdom,—may be proud indeed; but his pride will be of a sort that is tempered with humility, and will be humility itself if compared with the pride of a pedant or sciolist, who thinks, that, in adding the result of some little discovery which he may have fortunately made, he is almost doubting that mass of knowledge, in which it is scarcely perceived as an element.

Pride, then, as a character of self-complacent exultation, is not the prevailing cast of mind of those who are formed for genuine excellence.—He who is formed for genuine excellence has before him an ideal perfection,—that *semper melius aliquid*,—which makes excellence itself, however admirable to those who measure it only with their weaker powers, seem to his own mind, as compared with what he has ever in his own mental vision, a sort of failure. He thinks less of what he has done than of what it seems possible to do; and he is not so much proud of merit attained, as desirous of a merit that has not yet been attained by him.

It is in this way that the very religion which ennobles man leads him, not to pride, but to humility. It elevates him from the smoke and dust of earth; but it elevates him above the darkness, that he may see better the great heights above him. It shows him, not the mere excellence of a few frail creatures, as fallibly as himself, but excellence, the very conception of which is the highest effort that can be made by man: exhibiting thus constantly what it will be the only honor worthy of his nature to imitate, however faintly; and checking his momentary pride, at every step of his glorious progress, by the brightness and the vastness of what is still before him.

May I not add to these remarks, that it is in this way we are to account for that humility which is so peculiarly a part of the Christian character, as contrasted with the general pride which other systems either recommended or allowed? The Christian religion is, indeed, as has been often sarcastically said by those who revile it, the religion of the humble in heart; but it is the religion of the humble, only because it presents to our contemplation a higher excellence than was ever before exhibited to man. The proud look down upon the earth, and see nothing that creeps upon its surface more noble than themselves; the humble look upwards to their God.

—THOMAS BROWN.

Gossip is one of the meanest, as well as one of the most degrading crimes that society tolerates.

FREEDOM.

For I have sworn upon the altar of my God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.—THOMAS JEFFERSON

It is the inalienable right of every sane, sober, and sensible human being to do his own thinking. Not only this, but it is his duty to exercise each and all the faculties of mind of which he is possessed. It is as much his duty to exercise his reason as his vision, his devotion as his hearing, and he is a complete man only in proportion as he exercises all there is of him. If he be wanting in Firmness, he is so much the less a man. If wanting in true moral courage, and in the power of self-defence; in dignity and self-reliance; in kindness, justice, economy, invention, music, affection, method, memory, imitation, sagacity, or of energy, he is simply unfortunate and incomplete. Nor is he capable of being "free," in the fullest sense of that term, if he be not capable of maintaining it, defending his rights, and protecting those dependent on him. If he be dissipated, he is in bonds and a slave to his appetite; if a spendthrift, a prodigal, he comes under bonds or obligations to others. But if he be developed in all his faculties,—of same mind and sound body—so cultivated as to be able to use himself, he may be free.

Freedom is the normal condition of man. Slavery,—be it of body or mind—is abnormal, unnatural, and is contrary to the laws of God and nature. Whoever places trammels on the minds of men, or legislates to keep them in ignorance or to hold them in subjection, violates a God-given law.

Foreign war is bad; civil war is worse; but slavery, to a human being, is the very worst condition to which a man, with the attributes of God in his nature, can possibly be subjected. Next to this in the consequence of slavery, is its demoralizing effects on those who assume to rule over the slave. It begets in them a domineering spirit, which necessarily ripens into tyranny. It also begets idleness, a disinclination to labor, habits of luxurious living, and thence a larger license to the passions, and a lesser regard for human law, human life, or human liberty. It prevents the full and free development of the slave from the full and free care of himself, and tends to keep him perpetually in mental childhood. Thus the infliction of one wrong begets others, and the infringement of rights brings in its train a curse on all.

For the fullest development of all our powers we need freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of act, freedom to grow, freedom to do right, and freedom to worship God.

Mr. FORNEY writes a conciliatory and earnest appeal to the Union party to unite and not divide on any present issues. The temper of this appeal is the best, and the motives of the writer above suspicion. He thinks we have come to a halt, that the battle is over, that nothing more is left to fight for, and that our future is a constant enjoyment of victory. Is there not a law of progress? Are we not always moving on,—going from better to better in the endeavor to reach the consummation of national peace and prosperity? It may be the cause of the politician to close the eyes and refuse to see what lies in the immediate future. It may be very charming to lie like lotus-eaters on the luxuriant sands, and look forever on sea and beach and sky. But we live in a living world. There are battles to be fought, prejudices to be overcome, great duties to be fulfilled. If we rest we stagnate. The world moves on. The life of the Union party is active, honest thought. When God created the heavens and the earth, it was not the work of one day, nor did He rest until many breathed. For us there is no rest. Let us have kindness and harmony and the joining of hands as brethren but no halting. Our course is onward, steadily onward, in the path of justice and principle. A good soldier never wearies of the march.

ANDREW JOHNSON, in a speech at Nashville, Tenn., upon his nomination for the Vice Presidency, according to the New York Herald's correspondence, made use of the following language on the status of the Slave:—

"Addressing himself to any black men who might be within the reach of his voice, he then told them that 'they were set loose and free.' They had been admitted into the great field of competition, where industry and energy alone thrived; and advised them that, if they were not industrious and economical, they would have to give way to those of such habits, and that they would be driven from the field, if they did not work. 'Freedom,' he said, 'means liberty to work, and then to enjoy the fruits and products of your labor. This is the philosophy of it.—Let all men have a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life, and let merit be rewarded without regard to color.' He was for cutting the negro loose; and he believed that in freeing the negro we were emancipating the poor white man from a no less degrading slavery to the aristocracy, which he again alluded to as 'this infernal and damnable aristocracy,' and which he declared himself in favor of breaking up."

"And in thus freeing the slave, thereby committing a great right, you destroy aristocracy, and thus abolish a great wrong."

One of the saddest things about human nature, is that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

LET GIRLS BE GIRLS.

There are a great many people who, in some way or other, are always regretting and complaining that girls are not premature old women. They would have them full of wisdom and experience as Solomon or Prince Metemich; they would have them drilled into the hardest work of the house and farm, until they have lost life and vivacity, and unfit for anything but the commonest routine of domestic life. In the first morning sunlight of existence the gravity of gray hairs is expected, and the silent profundity of an old big-eyed owl. They must have the power of reflection that belongs to an antiquated cow, and the faculty of doing twenty things at once, known only to the mother of fourteen children. They must have an ardent admiration for science and philosophy; they must like drab high-necked dresses, and wear their hair combed straight behind without ornament. They must like calf-skin shoes and dyed stockings, and glory in hard, brown hands and a sun-burnt complexion. They must look with uncompromising hostility on all nice young men, and never flirt the least bit in the world. They must read Locke, Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, and study the peculiarities of spiders and beetles for recreation until they look themselves like the fossil remains of the British Museum.

It is no use—girls will be girls as long as the world lasts; they will commit a thousand follies; they will get up undying friendships, which will last sometimes a day, sometimes a week, sometimes a month, sometimes a year. They will have several attacks of the affections, just as children have the whooping cough and measles, during which time they imagine they shall never survive, and they shall die. But they don't; they live to become quiet, industrious, sensible wives and mothers—generally a great deal too good for the individuals who own them. Thank goodness, they will always wear pretty dresses whenever they can get them; it is natural, and just as proper as for the flowers to take different tints. Those creakers who want young girls to dress in brown and drab would extinguish the sunlight, would burn up the fresh green grass, would wither the leaves on the trees, and extinguish the brilliant tints of the flowers. Able and gentleness, delicacy, and the absence of whatever is coarse or revolting, forms one of her chief attractions to man. Are not the ideals of man soft-handed, white-robed angels? It is only some time after they are married that they associate them with shilling calves and peeling potatoes. Then let the girls enjoy their likings and delusions as long as they can. They will wake soon enough to life and its realities let them flirt and flutter out their brief hour of butterfly existence, which has its own charm and even use, both in contemplation and in retrospect. Time will discover to them what it expects of them.

THE NINE BEATITUDES OF ST. TIMOTHY.

A remarkable manuscript, bearing unmistakable evidences of antiquity, has recently been brought to light in this city, and placed in our hands for inspection. After careful examination, we have been unable to trace its date or authorship. There are certain passages in it which remind us of eminent personages now living. Take, for instance, the following chapter, which we extract from the manuscript, called "The Nine Beatitudes of St. Timothy," to each paragraph of which, we have appended the name of the person whose "style" it resembles. Perhaps some of our Northern readers will be able, through it, to throw some light upon the origin of this singular document. We quote:—

1. Blessed is he who does not make a cent; for he shall have no income tax to pay.—*Johnson.*
2. Blessed is the bald-headed man; for his wife cannot pull his hair.—*Brinham.*
3. Blessed is the homely man; for the girls shall not molest him. Yea, thrice blessed is he; for when he shall ask a lady to dance, she shall answer him, saying, "I am engaged for the next set."—*Clapp.*
4. Blessed is he who polisheth his boots, but not his morals—who improveth the outside of his head, but not the inside thereof; for all the girls shall rise up at his coming, and pronounce him "Beautiful!"—*Wiggin.*
5. Blessed is the man who hath little brains, but brass in abundance; for he shall be the ladies' favorite. Selah.—*Gould.*
6. Blessed is the man who giveth many and costly presents unto the young ladies; for great shall be his reward—in a horn.—*Webster.*
7. Blessed is the man who is always flat broke; for no man saith unto him, "Lend me five dollars."—*Fields.*
8. Blessed is the boy John; for unto him no man presenteth a subscription paper.—*Macdonald.*
9. Blessed is the Artful; for when he is asked to contribute to a "good cause," he answereth, saying, "Spongers!" and straightway the philanthropist leaveth him, and George goeth in his way rejoicing.—*Thomas.*

How RACES DIE OUT.—The method in which the lower races fuse into or escape from the higher is a mystery in its causes, but well understood in its result. The lower race loses its productive power, and dozens of extinct tribes, like the extinct generations of animals, attest this. The red Indian of America, the native race of Peru, and the aborigines of Australia are living examples of this rule. In fourteen years in Tasmania, a living traveller says, the aboriginal inhabitants, although numbering upward of a thousand, did not give birth to more than fourteen children. We may rest assured that at this rate any class of beings will soon exhaust itself.

MIXING THE RACES.—The Florence correspondent of *The Tribune* says: "We Europeans do not understand that antipathy which American affection pretends, to feel against the colored race. Alexander Dumas, the quadroom, was the guest of princes in Europe; his father, the mulatto, was a renowned general in Napoleon's time; his son, an octaroon, has just married the widow Princess Narishkin. Count Puskine, the great Russian poet, too, was a quadroom; so was Baron Feuchtersleben, Under-Secretary of Public Instruction in Austria; and if we go back to older times, the first Duke of Tuscany, Alessandro Medici, who reigned from 1500 to 1537, was a mulatto; and the Emperor Charles V. had so little antipathy against negro descent that he gave his daughter Margaret in marriage to the mulatto Duke. His portrait, with woolly hair and thick lips, is still seen in the public gallery of Florence, among the Dukes of Tuscany; and it gives one always a peculiar pleasure to show his dark face to the Americans, who speak with horror about miscegenation. Had Messrs. Mackay and Sala studied the question in Europe before they went to the United States, they would not have made themselves so ridiculous in their correspondence."

OUR DEAD HERO.—Rev. Dr. Chapin, in his discourse on the death of our late lamented President, said:

"Think, think of the load that rested on his head, the crushing burden of his charge! when you and I slept safely in our cabins, our faithful helmsman has kept the deck fixing his eyes upon the stormy course he had to traverse, watching for the first star to break the midnight gloom. When we were quietly sheltered from the tempest, he bared his brow to the wind and the rain, and trusted in God, devoted soul and body to his work, had faith when others trembled, grew stronger with the supreme struggle, and saw our banner in the sky when all was dark to men of lesser stature."

The reverend gentleman, rising to the full height of his great theme at this point of his discourse, repeatedly elicited applause, which it would be folly to attempt to restrain. He contrasted here "that strong will, that muscular energy of the mind, belonging to the people, which has never been equaled by any more graceful, but far less enduring, attributes of that civility whose silken gloss so easily wears off, and that classic grace which warped and bent when his uncounted still stood firm and undimmed." Why should we go to the classic records of heroes? Why amid times so grand in trial—and, thank God, in virtues as lofty and complete as ever shone on earth to meet them—seek elsewhere than in our most recent history for the examples that are hereafter to animate the children of the Republic in their efforts to make our land the greatest and the best among the nations?

WHERE "TARIFF" CAME FROM.—Every body knows the meaning of the word "tariff"—viz., a fixed scale of duties, levied upon imports. Let any one turn to a map of Spain, and he will notice at its southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, a promontory which from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Ta rifa"; the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch, from this point, all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea; and, issuing from this stronghold to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tariff" or "tarif," and, in this way, the word has been acquired.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.—A gentleman in Virginia had a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge; all in the family had done so, but the father thought him too young and would not let him. At last, however, after much intreaty, permission was given him. Soon after the father went on a journey. At one stopping place, away from the town, he called for some water. It did not come, so he called for it again still could not get it; but cider was brought, and, being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink that. When he returned home he related the circumstance. After he had finished the little boy came up to his knee, with his eyes full of tears, and said, "Father, how far was you from James River?" "Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy." "Well," said the little fellow, sobbing, "I'd have walked there and back again, rather than have broken my pledge." "Oh, God bless the children!" We have thousands such as these children, children who understand the principle and keep to the practice.

PRAYER.—In the very moment when thou prayest, a treasure is laid up for thee in heaven. No Christian's prayer falls back from the closed gates of heaven; each enters there like a messenger-dove; some bring back immediate visible answers; but all return to the heart with the fragrance of peace on them, from the holy place where they have been.—*Gregory.*

Notwithstanding the deference man pays his intellect, he is governed more by his heart than his head. His reason may pronounce with a certainty that seems to imply no impossibility of mistake; but, after all, his heart will run away with the action.

Strive to make everybody happy, and you will at least make the so—yourself.

YOUNG MEN.

Young men are the head and brains of a nation. They infuse life through all its arteries. They are at the head of all movements. They carry the world along upon their shoulders. "Young men for action, old men for counsel," is a time-honored adage. The conservatism of the old may be necessary to restrain the enthusiasm and ardor of youthful blood, but without that ardor, the world would stand still and fall into senility. The great actions that adorn history have been done, for the most part, by men before they reached middle age. Washington had achieved a character and a name before he was forty, and he was but forty-four when called to lead the army to deliverance and independence. If great men adorn a generation, they make their greatness manifest in the days of young manhood. This holds true whether in the walks of science, of literature, of enterprise; in military, in business, or in art. The only exception, seems to be in statesmanship. But even here, if it were not for young activity and enthusiasm, calling out the caution and the timidity and the dread of change in the old, which they dignify by the name of prudence and the wisdom of experience—old statesmen would conduct a country into still and stagnant waters, and by desert shores.

There is always room in the world for young men of talent and of vigorous purposes. They make their own opportunities. They create circumstances, and carve out new openings. Especially is this true in the United States. This country is no place for idlers and the lazy. The laggard will be left far, far behind in the progress of men who are full of earnest purposes. There have always been abundant chances for young men with brains, and there always will be. But the present time beams with more than ordinary promise for those who are about to take their places in the busy affairs of life. The convulsion through which we have passed, has changed the entire face of affairs in this country. A race has been born to freedom. New conditions of labor have been established for the vast Southern territory. Millions will receive pay for their labor who never received wages before. This will increase their necessities, and create new wants. A vast market, therefore, hitherto closed, except for the smallest article of the necessities of life, and enterprise of the young men. It is like the discovery of a new nation with five millions of people, whose wants are everything, and whose means to pay are the products of their hands and the sweat and sinews. The next ten years will see thousands of establishments for business spring up through all the "Sunny South," which would have been impossible but for this rebellion.

Thus out of evil good will have been educed. Rich mines of business are opening in the South, and an exigency will exist for skilled and trained men of business. To meet this exigency, young men should avail themselves of the advantages offered by Commercial Colleges, so that they may receive a thorough business training in book-keeping, in penmanship, in the mode of doing business, and be prepared to seize golden opportunities as they pass. The country is waiting eagerly to welcome young men of business who have brains and a backbone.

ACCURACY.—Accuracy is an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner." Too little attention, however, is paid to this important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed to us, "It is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted, that often decide men against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again, and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation and trouble.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE EYE.—Lichtenstein says the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey until he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching on the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make it a rule never to fire on the lion until he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. If one meets a lion, his only safety is to stand still, though the animal crouches to make his spring; that spring will not be hazarded if the man remains motionless and look him steadily in the eyes. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps, looks earnestly about him, lies down—again retreats, till getting by degrees quite out of the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

TAKING COLD.—Thousands die annually by simply "taking a cold." A cold is usually taken either by being chilled, putting on damp clothing, or cooling off suddenly after exercising freely. To avoid undue changes in the temperature of the body, made in either of these ways, is to promote health and prolong life.

—There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

—Never condemn your neighbor unheard. There are always two ways of telling a story.